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"The Oneness of the Bible."

We find, in a copy of the "*American Messenger*," which was thrown into the house of T. G. FORSTER, an article under the above title, supposed to be an attempt, by some one of our Buffalo divines, to answer a lecture on that subject, delivered by the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH, some weeks since, through the mediumship of Mr. F. After some three or four short paragraphs, in the hackneyed style of modern theological dogmatism, the writer quotes the whole of the second psalm of David, to prove that all the books of the Bible constitute one entire and unbroken chain of revelations from Almighty God; because, for sooth, he finds some far-fetched imitations of the language of that psalm, used by New Testament writers.

Let us introduce the psalm, which this ranting theologian would have men of sense, at this day, to receive as evidence that the whole Bible is "Gods revelation, from beginning to end, inspired by him to whom all time and eternity is ever present"—that it is "one revelation for all men, to which nothing may be added, and from which nothing may be taken away, on penalty of his curse"—that "it reveals one only method of salvation, by the sufferings and death of Christ." This psalm he gives as "internal evidence," that the Bible—the entire volume, as collected by the Nicene Council of Roman Catholic prelates, under the direction of the murderer Constantine, is one continuous revelation of God, containing the whole of his wisdom, and all that man will ever require, for his guidance in this state of existence. Here is the Psalm:

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? 2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, 3 let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. 4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. 5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. 6 Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion. 7 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee. 8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. 9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. 10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth. 11 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. 12 Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

Now let us enquire who and what was this David, who was enabled to condense the wisdom of the Almighty Father, and the great plan of human salvation, in that short psalm, which was not only to be sung in the temple at Jerusalem, but by all God's people, in all ages of the world. He was one of the kings of Israel, the usurping successor of Saul, the son of Kish. He was guilty of every moral abomination in the catalogue of crime. He was the most notorious of all the polygamists of his age and country. He was the model adulter of the world—a sensualist of the worst character—a materialist, in whom not even a latent spark of spirituality seemed to exist. He was a murderer, not only as a king and warrior, but a murderer in his heart—a sly, plotting murderer of innocent individuals, for the gratification of his lust. He was the head of the most powerful nation then on earth, and used his power continually to slaughter nations and devastate countries, in

the name of God. He was ever at war with what were termed the heathen nations. He was an absolute despot, and a most heartless tyrant. He was said to be "a man after God's own heart;" and so he was, if the language may be supposed to refer to the vengeful God of Judaism, who is said to have stopped the orbs of heaven, in their eternal revolutions, to give a Jewish commander more time to slay his fellow men, by thousands and tens of thousands.

Whether this David was the composer of the psalms which are attributed to his authorship, or whether they were the product of other mind and genius, which he had under his patronage and control, need not, here, be a matter of critical inquiry. The latter proposition is by far the more rational one, seeing that his affairs of state, his wars, his murders and his debaucheries, must have been sufficient to employ the whole time of any one mind, and little calculated to elicit poetical inspiration. Nor does it comport with such a debased nature as his, to conceive and give utterance to such beautiful thoughts and such elevated moral and devotional sentiments, as are to be found in some of those productions.—Hence the inference is natural and rational, that he took them from more elevated and refined minds, and adopted them as his own. Most monarchs of olden and more modern times, have had their poets laureate; and it cannot be doubted that David had many poets of sublime genius, under his patronage.

Nothing in the history of religious imposition, from David and Solomon to the present time, has made such an extravagant demand upon human credulity, as the efforts of priest-craft to torture some of the psalms of David and the songs of Solomon, into prophecy of the coming of a spiritual Messiah, and the love of Christ for the church. As an example, let us take this same psalm, which has been labelled as a prophecy of the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth, and see what there is in it to warrant such a conclusion.

The first three verses refer to the heathen nations with which Judea was on bad terms; and David (or his poets for him) speaks scornfully of their vain imaginings—their givings out in relation to resisting his power and encroachments, and of their taking counsel together, against the Lord and his anointed, who was David himself. His bands it was that they would fain break asunder and cast from them. And he goes on to say: He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; [at their impotency] the Lord shall have them in derision. David, like all other monarchs and powers, who go to war for plunder, always had God on his side, if we may be justified in paying any regard to his pretensions. Then, speaking of God, he says: "Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure." Then, personating God, he says: "Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill, Zion." What does this mean? Look at the facts, and the meaning will be obvious. Zion was the southernmost of the hills on which Jerusalem was built. There was a fortress there, called the Castle of Zion. It was taken from the Jebusites, by Joab, one of David's

chief captains. Thither David removed, from Hebron. Hence it was called the city of David. This is why the writer makes the Lord say: "Yet I have set my king upon my holy hill, Zion."

He then says: "I will declare the decree: (The decree of the Lord concerning himself.) The Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee; (adopted thee,) ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. (The chief aspiration of his greedy soul.) Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces, like a potter's vessel." This was what he gloried in. It had been the business of his whole reign, to break kings and nations as with a rod of iron, and to dash governments to pieces, like a potter's vessel. It was the nature of David; but far, very far, from that of the mild, loving and unresisting Jesus.

After thus making himself, or being made by his poets, God's king, on the hill of Zion, God's begotten, or adopted son, and the scourge of surrounding nations, he addresses those whom the poem is designed to intimidate: "Be wise, now, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the son, (embrace any degrading proposition which David chooses to make to you,) lest he be angry, (Jesus was never angry,) and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they who put their trust in him." To perish from the way, was to be blotted out of existence as a nation, which would befall them if they should make David only a little angry. Those who put their trust in him, were blessed with a tyrannical ruler, who would suffer them to live peaceably, if they contributed freely to his exchequer, quietly suffering his unsparing hand to be laid upon the substance of their people.

This is the psalm which goes to prove that all the writings of ancient authors, which were collected and selected by a Council of Roman Catholic prelates, and sanctioned by a murderous tyrant, constitute one unbroken chain of Divine revelations to all men of all ages. This is the song which the correspondent of the *Messenger* eulogies at the very top of his voice, as worthy to be "adopted by God's people, in all ages, before and after the coming of Christ, as their own appropriate song of praise." It is, according to his idea, "exactly the song which the most spiritual and enlightened christian now wishes to sing." Do look at it again, reader, and see what there is in it which merits such extravagant eulogium.

Surely, but for the clairvoyant vision of didactic theology, no one would ever have suspected that there was to be found, in that little piece of Jewish political poetry, any thing like a foreshadowing of the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth. But they have discovered, in other writings, things even more wonderful than this. They have seen, in amorous ditties, addressed by Solomon, to his lady-loves, some of which are unfit for the eye or ear of modesty, an advance picture of the *love of Christ for the church!* Besides the impossibility for purity to fellowship impurity—for such a being as the spirit of Jesus to be in affinity with such a monster of error, bigotry, superstition, corruption and iniquity as the nominal Christian church has been since the days of Constantine, which, of course, could not have been concealed from prophetic vision, the evidently carnal character of the sentiments expressed, and the voluptuous manner of expressing them, render the idea sought to be inculcated by priestly construction, ridiculous in the extreme.

As respects the "oneness" of the whole collection of writings, bound together in the volume called the Bible, forming a continuous chain of God-given revelations to man, there is not a free and capable mind in the whole human family that can read them attentively, and honestly assent to the proposition. In the first place, the whole story in Genesis, of the creation of the earth in six days; of the creation, at the same time, of the sun, moon and stars, as mere appendages to the earth; the providing of a personal devil to lure man from his fealty to his maker; the preparation of a place of eternal torment for this devil to dwell in, when he was not going up and down the earth, seeking man's destruction, and to confine the souls of men in, for doing what they were destined to do; the destruction of the whole human race, with a great flood, excepting a single family; all these are self-evident falsehoods. The science of Geometry and Astronomy, which are the ever-living representatives of God's unchanging truth, prove the fallacy of that history of creation with an evident certainty which defies the remnant of a doubt upon a philosophical mind. And if the squirming theologian, or the more ingenious than ingenuous biblicist appeal to allegory to come to the rescue, the question comes with startling emphasis, from common sense and reason: WHAT IS REVELATION? Surely concealment is not revelation. If it was God's purpose to reveal his will to man, and that revelation was necessary for his instruction in his duties to himself, to his fellow man and to his heavenly Father, he would not have given it in language so inexplicably enigmatical, that the whole family of man would have to depend upon the assumed wisdom of a class of expositors, who compare with them, numerically, as one to a million, or that the leading minds of the world would find in its development a subject of disagreement and disputation, for thousands of years. This would be no evidence of divine wisdom or parental goodness. The manner of giving the revelation would, in that case, effectually defeat the purpose for which it was given; and man would be rather prejudiced than benefitted by it. Such revelation would be ungod-like, because it would be fallacious and useless; and to attribute failure to the Infinite Mind, is greatly more irrational infidelity than that which characterizes the atheist.

In this category, also, stands the great plan of salvation, which the correspondent of the *Messenger*, like the Seer, to whose vision the whole world is presented in a pebble-stone, miraculously discovers in the second psalm. That wondrous plan of salvation, which, according to one of the links in the connected chain of biblical revelation, took the Architect of the universe four thousand years to mature and put in operation, was to take upon himself the form and nature of humanity, and suffer the Jews to kill him, as an atonement to himself, for the transgression of Adam, on account of which, he had, in his anger, pronounced the sentence of death and eternal damnation upon all the generations of men. But this great plan to save man from the doom which He had pronounced against him, by the execution of which He—the Almighty Father—was made a *felo de se*, failed to effect the intended redemption; for, according to orthodox teaching, souls are still pouring into hell, at the rate of at least nine-tenths of all who drop off the garment of mortality.

When such men as he who regards this first psalm as the proper song for every christian of all coming ages to sing, are asked what becomes of all the souls who departed from earth during those four thousand years, in which God was devising, preparing and carrying into effect the scheme to appease his own anger, and

cheat justice of its legitimate victims, and how it fares with those who have never complied with the terms of this "salvation, because they have never been made known to them, they reply, as one did the other day, that God extended, and still extends, pardoning mercy to them, on account of their ignorance. "Truly, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;" and what an infinite blessing it would have been, if God had, in his merciful providence, withheld the revelation of his plan of salvation, from all his human children. Then all might have had their ignorance winked at, and none would have been writhing and screeching in hell-fire. O what a pity it is, if it be true, that God gave himself so much trouble to save a tithe of his children from eternal misery, when all would have been saved, if he had left them uncared for.

The revelation through James, teaches that, in God, there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Keeping this in mind, let us make a few comparisons:

According to the book, God revealed, in Genesis, that he repented having made man. He revealed, in Exodus, that he repented of the evil which he thought to do to his people. He revealed, in first Samuel, that he repented that he had made Saul king of Israel. He revealed, in second Samuel, that he repented having sent a pestilence upon Israel, which destroyed seventy thousand men; and that he commanded the destroying angel to hold his hand. The same was revealed in first Chronicles. He revealed, in the psalms, that he repented that he had allowed his chosen people to be carried into captivity and oppressed, by heathen nations. He revealed, in Amos, that he repented of making grasshoppers to destroy all the second growth of grass. He revealed, in Jonah, that he repented having declared to the people of Ninevah, through the prophet Jonah, that he would destroy that city in forty days; and he farther revealed that, because the people, by order of the king, punished themselves by fasting—going hungry all one day—and punished all their beasts by keeping them without food and water; and because they covered themselves, (All the people in that great city,) and all their beasts, with sack-cloth, he repented of the evil which he had said he would do unto them, and did it not. It must have looked funny to see camels, horses, donkeys, oxen, cows, goats, sheep, pigs, dogs and cats running about thus attired; but the ludicrousness of the idea gives place to astonishment, when we reflect that they were thus attired to turn aside the wrath of God! It is revealed, that the king gave orders that all the men and beasts should be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God; but whether the beasts did or did not obey the decree of the king, and cry mightily to God, the revelation saith not. He revealed, in Exodus, that the children of Israel made a molten calf, in the wilderness, of the jewelry which he had counselled them to obtain by fraud, from the Egyptian women, and fell down and worshipped it, and offered sacrifices to it; whereupon he became wrathful, and told Moses that he would consume them; but, at the remonstrance of Moses, who reminded him of a certain oath which he had sworn to Abraham, Isaac and Israel, saying he would multiply their seed as the stars of heaven, he repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people.

Now these reconsiderations, repentances and revocations, do savor somewhat, as it appears to us, of variableness and shadows of turning; nor can we, with our imperfect vision, discover in them that "oneness" of Constantines entire collection of books. And if, as it is alleged, they constitute one unbroken chain of

revelations, the said chain is composed of very dissimilar and odd looking links.

It was a lucky thing that, by the timely intimation of Moses, God was saved from violating that oath which he swore to the patriarchs; for such an example would have had a pernicious effect upon the morals of his chosen people, if not upon all his human children.

God revealed, in Acts, that he is no respecter of persons. He revealed in Genesis, that he had respect to Abel. He revealed, in Exodus, that he had respect unto the children of Israel. So, also, in second Kings. He revealed, in second Chronicles, that there is no iniquity in the Lord our God, nor respect of persons. He revealed, in Malachi, that, although Esau and Jacob were brothers, yet he loved Jacob and hated Esau. And what makes this respect for Jacob the more wonderful, is the fact that Esau was honest and ingenuous, and Jacob was a rogue, a cheat and a liar.

He revealed, in Deuteronomy, that the Jews, who were his chosen people, should not eat of any beast that died of itself, because they were a holy people unto the Lord their God; but that they *should* give it to the stranger within their gates, or they might sell it to an alien. Besides the partiality, or respect to persons and peoples, manifested in this revelation, there seems to be a degree of moral baseness, in the act of giving the carrion flesh of beasts that die of diseases, to men for food, and in selling it to neighboring people, that they may use it for food, which little comports with the character for justice, which God, in his revelations, assumes for himself, throughout the whole book.

These clashing revelations make but a poor chain. Indeed, they are all separate links, and cannot be concatenated. The *oneness* of all the books which the volume contains, does not stand out very conspicuously, upon the face of such revelations. They seem to us to be but little calculated to make known the whole will and wisdom of a God worthy of adoration, to all men of all coming ages.

God revealed, through all the four evangelists, if they spoke truly, that Jesus of Nazareth was his son—not in the sense that all men are his sons, but his son according to the flesh; he having, by his miraculous power, caused a virgin to bear him, contrary to the law of nature, which is the law of God, without ever having intercourse with a man. He also revealed, through the gospel of Matthew, that the same Jesus was the son of Joseph, the husband of Mary, which is a vastly more probable revelation. This latter revelation, is made in tracing his genealogy from Abraham, through David, to Joseph, where it ends. Nor is it probable that Jesus, in his earth life, ever heard it mentioned that he was the son of God, otherwise than as all men are such; for the gospels were not written till many years after his death; and he constantly represented himself to be the son of man; which representations, according to theological teaching, were all revelations of God, abnegating the affirmative ones, previously made through the evangelists.

God revealed, in the Levitical law, his will in relation to homicide, saying, "Thou shalt not kill." He revealed, with his own mouth, when he dwelt on earth, in the organism of Jesus, that it was wrong to smite with the sword; and taught Peter that "all they who take the sword, shall perish by the sword;" and he revealed, with that same mouth, his will, that each of the apostles who had no sword, should sell his garment and buy one. He revealed, in his history of the Jewish wars, that he directed his

chosen people to make war upon the heathen nations that dwelt round about them; to slay them with the sword, and to possess themselves of their lands, their herds, their flocks; and, in many cases, to massacre whole armies and whole tribes and nations. He even, as we have mentioned, arrested the orbs of heaven, in their revolutions, causing them to stand still, by the space of one whole day, that Joshua might have time to slay the hosts of the Amorites, and take captive and put to death their five kings; and he, himself, fought for Israel. These, again, are conflicting revelations. They refute to be linked together in one chain of continuous revelations, making the will of God plain to the understanding of his human children, for all coming time. The *oneness* of the whole volume, and the amplitude of moral and religious instructions contained in it, are ideas which these revelations are not calculated to suggest or sustain. Indeed, they prove conclusively, to every free and capable mind, that they are of human origin, emanating, not only from finite fallibility, but from sources in which immorality, religious absurdity and philosophical ignorance were prevalent.

God revealed, through the evangelists, that he sent Jesus to earth, to suffer death, as an atonement for the sins of mankind, that all might be saved. He revealed, through other writers in the New Testament, that whosoever named the name of the Lord should be saved. He revealed, through Paul, that, "as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;" and that he was "the savior of all men." He revealed, through John, in his first epistle, that he sent Jesus to be the "Savior of all men." And he revealed, through that same Paul, who did much more to Judaize Christianity than he did to Christianize Judaism, that he predestinated that part of the human family should be saved, and that part should be damned. And the way in which the Almighty despot attempts to justify his infinite injustice and cruelty, through the language of that foggy apostle of the Gentiles, is any thing but characteristic of the love of a heavenly Father. Let us quote a few passages:

"As it is written, Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated. What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid. For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

"Thou wilt say, then, unto me, why doth he yet find fault? for who hath resisted his will? Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor? What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long suffering the vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction; and, that he might make known the riches of his glory, on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory." What a *chain*! What a *oneness*!

Scores of other incongruities might be adduced, from the conglomerate mass of truth and falsehood, wisdom and folly, philosophy and stupidity, bundled up together and bound in one volume, by authority of peccable humanity. But we should not condemn and cast aside the good, wise and true, on account of their companionship with false theism, false assertions, bad philosophy and

worse morals; nor should we listen for a moment to those bigots and fanatics who would compel us to receive falsehood for truth, and folly for wisdom, because unenlightened minds of an age of superstition and ignorance, mingled them with their opposites.

There are eternal truths and angelic wisdom, to be found in many of the books composing the Bible; and it is the part of wise and untrammelled mind to make choice of the good and true, and eschew the worthless and fabulous, as they have to do in relation to all things presented to them in this primary department of existence, in which, for the development of the attributes of intellect and spirit; the wrong and the evil stand in juxtaposition with the right and the good.

We do not desire that the author of the communication in the *Messenger*, should imagine that we have written so much, merely to refute his positions. We took his article for a text, hoping to benefit more tractable, more enlightenable minds than the one of which nature and false education appear to have put him in possession.

Lecture by Aaron Burr.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

The soul embodies the divine elements of love and affection, and oft worships in its dreams of life, objects whose nobler and higher qualifications speak forth the unchanged and unchanging love of the great and living God. And thus it is that, from the homes of the interior life, the angels return to earth and again tell how well they love their own finite friends; and the immortal soul as it threads its eternal circle, going on in silent brightness, like some stout and girded giant, unwearied and resolute, whose toiling and uprising foot disdains to loiter on its destined way, feels and realizes the infinite varieties of joy amongst its vast and almost mysterious spheres of existence.

Countless worlds, leading forth their brightness, in whose bosom living things rejoice and drink the bliss of being from the bright fountains of an all-pervading love, as they wheel on in their course, amid the giant beauties of heaven, and, like mirrored lamps, fling their effulgent splendor from the enamelled walls of creation, not an atom in the routine of our hourly progress, escapes the kindness of God's care.— And each motion or atom of nature, wears the native and untainted bloom of pure innocence, where sin can never breathe its deadly blight upon the animations of their being; where Slavery's chains know no bondage of warmly beating hearts, and where selfishness and wrong can never league their base hands to tread out the light of love and truth, and scatter where Heaven has planted joy. Such are the conditions of the world, as a world which man inhabits; but when we come to intelligent and individualized responsibilities, and discover in man embryo qualifications of his Maker, then we behold the demon of error moving his material nature to wrong, and his paradise on earth becomes fallen by the misdirection of outer passions. The world, which he calls his finite home, is beautified if his appreciative faculties of the good and divinely beautiful were sparkling in the diamond brightness of refinement, and bathing their own being in the gushing streamlets of a pure and true development.

The living worlds of God's love unfold, and the eye of man may read and understand what he has written there; for there his word shines ineffable and unchangeable; and man, bound to the bosom of earth's pigmy globe, may *know*, and ask no more from the constant evidences of a Father's care, in the unfolding around his immediate existence. And when change shall give the encumbered spark wings, its range shall be extended; it will roam over the radiant orbs it now finitely delights to look upon; and as eternity sends forth its shouts of joy, which reverberate through the halls of immensity, and echo from the highest heaven to the humblest creation, then shall the freed soul join in the eternal chorus, and become another sparkling gem, little,

but infinitely beautiful, amid the crowd of splendors that encircle the firmament of his love.

Ages have rolled their course, and are still wheeling joyously on, and time past grows gray ; but the earth still gives birth to uncounted and divine creations, until its hills stoop with age and care, and the toil, honors and haughty words of man, have seen their brilliancy decay beneath the outshining face of Heaven. They have been swept away, shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot. Man's works must decay, but his soul, his glad immortal soul, still lives, and time sheds no dimness on its beauty, nor touches the firmness of its tread. Youth, beauty and strength, still are thine, oh ! spirit of man. As clear, as bright art thou now, as when first the Almighty Form of being sent thee forth in thy infantile mission, by thy own hand to carve thy path to manhood ; and as thou camest from the bright abodes of eternity, so wilt thou return to the paradise of the skies, and thy progressive speed there, if thy desires be good, will outstrip the flight of thought, and thy youth will renew its bloom. And thy being shall still roll on with no dull pause to seek for pleasure and improvement, but world upon world shall open to thy instructed mind an inexhausted universe of wisdom, and time add still to the never-ending fount of infinite love. While thy soul is advancing ever toward the stupendous source of life and all beauty, it still lives, adores and reigns forever in cloudless knowledge. And freedom, in its battles with slavery of mind and body, shall unfurl its banner in the midnight air of earth ; and when the thunders of truth shall roll loudly through Liberty's dark cells, the cowering form of error shall sink beneath each gallant arm that strikes the blow of truth ; and the thunder-drum of heaven—eternal love—shall guard the banner of the free, and the human soul, from mansions on high, call its eagle-bearer—knowledge—down, and place in its talons the symbol of religious peace ; and away it will fly to the bosom of God ; and his joy at the glad tidings of man, will fill humanity with the overpowering beauty of freedom, and earth thereby become a heaven in a heaven.— And then gentle sympathy shall steal away the stern agony of death, and thy heart shall not grow sick, but its pulsations of truth will go forth into the open air of goodness and right, and it will behold the insensible rock to be its brother, and the glowing star its sister ; and all things that breathe are sharers of destiny. And as the long train of ages glide away, thy bosom in heaven will no longer be lashed by hidden woes, nor every trembling fibre of the heart ache as the vulture of sorrow, with bloody talons, leaves thy affections a waste. Yes, even on earth, man may be far happier than now he is. Give the soul air—let its faculties have expanse, and yield the spirit, with sweet serenity, to all love, and even sorrow. Learn to be content with the scenes of destiny, and strive to be good ; for sin debases our nobler faculties.

'Tis not the imperfection of man that hath caused so much sorrow ; but the self starved soul, raving for spiritual nourishment, has become so neglected that its hunger has grasped the nearest sustenance to heaven—materiality. The soul is starved—it longs for nourishment. Give it what it craves, and there will not be such a spiritual waste in the soul of man ; but nature will teach thy listening heart, and its beatings will become happy and joyous in their glad freedom upon the earth.

Can you read the secrets of the human heart—those intenser feelings which steal upon its being like musical revealings from a far-off Paradise, and those unchecked and unbidden thoughts that smile on memory's sadness, and, with life's unsympathizing crowd, look on existence with tempered gladness ? If so, remember feeling dies not in affliction's grave, though the bitterness of the heart is oozing out, drop by drop ; for that is a secret diet of the soul, known only to God, and to which angels alone can respond. Yet there are external evidences of the love and purity of the human mind ; and if man feel no harmony within himself, and if his soul possess no inward beauty, he could see none of those divine characteristics in nature, even if God stood before him, face to face. Life, in itself, is Deity ; for whatever it looks upon, that creation lives and becomes an acting thing in the wise and noble economy of infinite law.

The soul may go through life, unblest by man ; yet God sends forth, through man, winning harmonies, that breathe of immortal love.—Celestial voices hymn it into the soul ; and according harps, touched by angel fingers, sound forth the song of man's mighty eternity ; and all creation, as the one vast mystic instrument, is touched by an unseen, living hand ; and its conscious chords, quivering with joy, join in the song. The living hear it—the dying hear it ; and as cares of earth grow dull, it wakes the loving soul to mingle with its strains, in the one grand heavenly harmony of eternity—love to all.

Prison walls may confine the *body*, yet the *mind* scorns the massive bolts ; for no dungeon can enclose its capacities of flight ; for, in a flashing thought, from heaven to earth it goes. It leaps with the ocean's spray, from shore to shore, and wearies the stars in its vigilant watches.

God created the body free as the mind, and gave it unequalled liberties in the nation to which its peculiar organic structure was and is adapted ; yet men there are who live and die slaves, bodily ; and charity takes religious bigotry for a mantle to conceal its blushing face—its shame ; and but few know the value of these true charities that drive blighting selfishness away, which wake the source of love to a noble action. One winning smile from a child repays the mother for all her cradle-care. Then would you crush out the melody of heart-strings ? If so, break them by unkindness. But if thou would'st bind them up, be tender in thy every word and deed. Learn that it is better to love than hate. Learn that it is better to speak well of the enemy than vituperate your own angel nature, by slander's poisonous effects. Learn that God is love, and live and learn to be like that God—true to thyself. He who scoffs at the soul's sympathies, and makes mock of the divinity within, would even, to-day, crucify a God.

The mind, while yet fettered and bound, is ever struggling for skies more clear, in whose gliding waters the soul may lightly dip its burnished wings, and rush into a land of beauty, and on a waveless and happy shore. As the bounding ocean smiles when the quick winds heave it into a swell, or when the stars in light and energy move through the unknown void, and roll on through the never-ending world of night, so doth the soul, in purest influence, wend its way to heaven, sometimes sad, and sometimes joyous. Yet when drinking from Nature's fount, the life-giving waters of immortality, it realizes the omnipresent and deep-breathing air of truth that interrogates futurity, and hushes the wish that knows not *what* it asks. And the human mind, wrapt in all the dark embroidery of the storm which has, for long ages, held a yearning humanity in bondage, by its threatening influence, must yet float on airy wings, forth from out the dark cells of its prison walls, and satisfy its thirsting and self-starved nature in the broad expanse of spiritual goodness ; for if the soul, in its affections, be not sustained by the elements of love and kindness, from earth's sunny climes, then it will droop like the flower at noon-tide, and pine itself away, till in heaven the sustenance be found.

Thought—true and lovely thought—is food for the pining spirit of man ; and if it be not found on Reason's gilded throne, where glittering pearls hang, like gorgeous festoons, round the altar of infinite wisdom, then the soul *must* fly to regions where thought is its eternal sustenance, and knowledge its world of glad repose.

Man treads the trackless sea of life, as fathomless, as wide, as terrible, yet sometimes calm and beautiful, unconscious of the high sublimity, as if 'twere a common thing to behold Nature speaking forth from every pulsating fibre, the majestic praise of God. And he shrinks back into himself, amid things so vast, and, wrapt in the deepest awe of thought, bends to the mighty influence of immortal hope, and wonders if there is a God. No—'tis not in man to look unmoved on the noble efforts of God in nature, which extend from horizon to horizon, and meets the o'er-arching heaven, on every side where worlds exist, peopled by living souls, destined to meet in peace, beyond the sky, where the best evidence of a God, outshines from the bosom of an animated life—immortality.

Affectionately,

A. BURR.

From Davis's Present Age and Inner Life.

The Spirit Land.

What do you mean by these terms? Something figurative, or something literal? I mean a substantial world; a sphere, similar in constitution to this world, only, in every conceivable respect, one degree superior to the best planet in our solar system.

The highest planet in our system is Saturn, being nearly 1,100 times larger than the earth; its surface is equal to an hundred worlds, and surrounded by a magnificent girdle; or rather it is set, like a jewel, in the midst of several concentric circles, presenting the grandest spectacle possible to conceive. Being as substantial—but one degree superior in point of beauty and refinement—the Spirit-Land presents itself to our vision. We, therefore, mean a literal world, having latitudes, longitudes, poles, revolutions, atmospheres; with all the higher phenomena which pertain to the present world.

How was the Spirit-Land formed?

This question may be answered by asking:

What law was it which formed the sparkling girdles of Saturn?—What becomes of the fine, invisible particles of matter which emanate from vegetation—from minerals, from all animal bodies—and from the entire globe? This earth, alone, gives off eight hundred millions of tons of invisible emanations every year. Where do these atoms go? The earth perspires like the human body. The fine particles arise, like bubbles to the surface. Where do they gravitate? Fluids may be reduced to solids, just as chaos precedes harmony. All the other planets—Mercury, Venus, the vast group of Asteroids, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the three orbs beyond, together with all their moons—give off fine emanations just like the earth. Where do these emanations go? These questions are left with you, as replies to *quere* as to the formation of the Spirit-Land. Just think for one moment of the vast quantity of evaporation of refined particles into space. If our earth eliminates eight hundred millions of tons every year, what must the mass amount to when all the planets do the same work, not to say vastly more?

Where is the Spirit-Land located?

Seest thou that beautiful zone of worlds, at night, called the "Milky Way?" Seest thou how it encircles immensity, so to speak—a wreath of suns and planets "round infinity?" And, besides, seest thou the countless stars and constellations of stars in every other direction?—Thinkest thou that this visible panorama of stars in the heavens constitutes the universe? As well might one say that four thousand dew-drops, sparkling in the sun, constitute the ocean!

Again, it is asked: "Seest thou that magnificent girdle spanning the heavenly arch?"

Listen, therefore, to the answer! Yon "milky way" is composed of myriads of suns and planets—each system resembling our sun with its planets—having specific positions, orbits, revolutions, seasons, and inhabitants, just as we have on this globe. Our sun, our earth, and all the neighboring planets constitute but one group in the circle.

On these planets the human spirit first begins to be; in the state (I mean) from which it may date its existence as an immortal being!—Hence this circle of planets (taken altogether) may be termed—"the first sphere of human existence." But, as has been shown, the spirit of Man, at death, passes away to another world; which is termed very naturally, "the second sphere."

"But where is this sphere located?"

Look again at those beautiful rings surrounding the planet Saturn. See how gently they embrace the planet, and each other! Yet the distance between them is fixed, and there are no perturbations! As the changing caterpillar is a symbol of death, from which the beauteous butterfly, phoenix-like, arises into freedom; so the planet Saturn, with its rings, is a perfect symbol of the first and second spheres.

The second sphere girdles the first sphere, "the milky way" just as the rings girdle the planet Saturn. The representation is perfect. This universe, in fact, is all of a piece—a harmonious system of perfection;

and so, as a matter of logical necessity, the Law of universal analogy must be true. A foot rule will measure the universe, as well as twelve yards, and the doctrine of correspondence must be equally applicable to all spheres of being.

Whenever my mind is opened to a full view of the heavens, I realize, to a painful degree, the poverty of language; and, still more, the limited capacity of intellect to which the gorgeous grandeur is presented.

At such times how I desire the ability to conceive, and the power to execute, the picture of the universe, and present it to my brother man!

But it cannot be—nor will it ever be—possible for one mind to grasp, entirely, the idea of a universe which is worthy of a God; a God worthy of a universe. Progression would cease, were it otherwise, and the immortal mind would have nothing more to do. But I have done my best to give you an impression of the universe, in its present structure, and of the relations subsisting between the circles of planets and the spiritual spheres.

I may here add, that could our orthodox clergy once enjoy a clear vision of the magnitude and unutterable beauty of this universe, both natural and spiritual, I know in my very soul that they would soon discover a way to make their books and sermons give the world "more light" than they yet have—viz: by voluntarily making a bonfire of them all!

What is the external appearance of the Spirit-Land?

It appears like a beautiful morning! The surface is diversified endlessly, with vallies, rivers, hills, mountains, and innumerable parks.—These parks are particularly attractive. The trees and shrubbery resemble nothing on earth; more like the vegetation of Saturn. The ten thousand varieties of flowers lend a peculiar prismatic charm to the far-extending territories, and the soft divine ether in which the entire world is bathed, surpasses all conception. You feel in the presence of Holiness—every tree speaks to your heart—every flower pronounces a perpetual Benediction.

Canst thou form an idea of the magnitude of the "Second Sphere?"

Multiply our earth by twenty-seven million times its present size, and it will give you the exact extent of one of the countless parks of the second sphere! Did you ever think of "Infinity?" Let imagination do its utmost! Unchain your thoughts! Let them fly outwardly—into the far, far off! Let them stand upon the topmost zone of Immensity, and contemplate the vast spectacle of the universe!

What do you see? Do you behold infinity? Nay, thou beholdest, merely, the surface of an apple compared with that which your imagination cannot grasp! And this unperceived, this unsuspected immensity is girdled by the second sphere! It is a magnificent belt, all bespangled with countless jewels, buckled around the waist of the Infinite Man! This, and all the spheres besides, is the attire of God. 'Let expressive silence muse his praise!'

How do the spirits live in the second sphere?

The second sphere is divided into two grand hemispheres: one is "Love;" the other is "Wisdom." These are separated, or rather connected together, by an Isthmus or strait, called "Will." The Spirit-Land, therefore, has three divisions—Love—Will—Wisdom; steps in the ladder of angelic progression. These territories appear different, both as regards the geographical aspect of the country and its inhabitants. The people in the "Love sphere," taken as a whole, are not as far advanced as those in the "Wisdom sphere." The former hold more affinity with their birth-place—have unwise or troublesome attachments for persons or things which they left behind. The latter, on the contrary, look the other way! Not that they are affectionately dead to their birth-place reminiscences, to the dear ones yet living on some planet; but they know how to love, in what proportion, and to what beneficent purpose. The "Will-sphere" is not particularly inhabited by either people—it is a kind of bridge leading from one hemisphere to the other. It comes to me, that no spirit from our earth has as yet progressed beyond the second sphere. But the spirits from Jupiter and

Saturn sometimes go directly into the third sphere.

Why do spirits profess to come from the more advanced spheres ?

The contradiction is wholly in terms. The explanation is this :—Each hemisphere is divided into six different societies ; each being characterized by a different race of spirits, ruled by its own affinities, with different habits, in different stages of moral culture ; differing as one star differs from another, or as the different notes in music. Then, these six societies are sub-divided over and over again. And when spirits communicate, individually, to man, they often seem to give contradictory accounts, and frequently confound the terms—'societies' and 'spheres'—together, because words are but arbitrary signs of thought.

If the Spirit-Land is so attractive, why may we not commit suicide, and go there ? where is the punishment ?

Do you believe that there is bliss in selfishness ?

Go ask the miser ! Think you that he is happy in the midst of gold ? The circle of self-love is ruled by a rigid law. If you were the only person in the universe, then you might in safety, with impunity, go where and as you please. You could not be punished for wrong, because there would exist no relations ; consequently, no law. But you live in a world of relations ; hence, in a world of Laws. No one of these laws can be violated with impunity. I will not undertake to describe the penalties which would follow the suicide. But this I will say : the man who goes into the second sphere before his body naturally dies, feels very much like a person whose presence in society is not agreeable. A bird in a wrong latitude would not feel more restless than the spirit of man, if it goes from earth before it is called. The process of acclimation is not pleasant ; unless the spirit is prepared for it by a full terrestrial maturity, as shown in the previous chapter.

What is the use of such a Revelation ?

To make you Noble, Just, Good, Free ! To make you feel your nature ; to exalt you as immortals ; to humble you, also, as earthly creatures. To unfold a world of meaning from every thing—to kindle the Eternal flame of Love on every heart's altar ; whose incense shall arise from the individual to the whole—from the whole to Deity. Be ye perfect, even as your God is perfect ! A cruel, revengeful, calvinistic God makes a cruel, combative people. Unfold to your own minds the universe all-glorious and perfect, as it is, and you must conceive of a God worthy to be its proprietor. A good Universe and a good Deity will make good men and women. The "new birth"—the passing away of the old dispensation into the new, bringing to us a new Heaven, a new Earth, and a new Deity—this "new birth" will surely come upon our world.

"Remember—the Earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the Past ; the Air and Heaven, of Futurity !"

Man is a fixed fact in the Universe ! when once he is born into being, there is thenceforth no way to escape—no door to annihilation ! This is a startling statement—a most overwhelming fact ! Deaths and births—nights and mornings—what are they ? Do they not indicate the depots of life at which passengers exchange seats in different trains for different destinations ?

Human theories may cast gloom and dread over these changes, and fill the soul with sad imaginings, but Nature speaks a universal language that never fails to reach the heart. Nature gives us genuine births and deaths—genuine sunrises and sunsets, with beauty piled on beauty, with truth on truth, joy on joy ; and Man is the being to experience and appreciate it all. Man is a portion of Nature, and Nature is ever-enduring, because its soul is Deity. All creation is a vast cathedral ; its various life-principles play as an orchestra ; and the vast spirit-realm is vocal with shouts of joy. And why should man—the most favored of all, be found at the altar of Discontent ? Some temporary cloud obscures the firmament. But the Almighty Sun never ceases to shine. Its kindling beams wake millions on millions of beings to expressions of joy and praise. Why should man not join the universal anthem ?

Ye framers of laws—ye advocates of a dismal religion, answer :—

Why should man jar the sweet vibrations of Nature's melodies ? Why should he mar the symmetry and beauty of his own soul ? Ye advocates of learned Ignorance and Superstition, in the name of human sorrow, answer ! Do you say "inherent evil ?" Do you say that "Man is under the dominion of evil propensities ; that his soul is inclined to wickedness since the original sin ?" Nay ; say not this, but rather that Man is a progressive being ! Nature is noiseless in all her grandest movements. The deep river moves with a noiseless but irresistible power. The planets move noiselessly, majestically, sublimely, in their orbits. The gates of the morning swing silently back on golden hinges. The eternal King of Day marches forth, noiselessly, into the bending sky—clad in auroral beauty, composed of healing elements—filling the earth with life and animation. But man is not thus silent in his march. He moves in the path of progress, with noise and agitation ! Wherefore ? Because he is the middle organism—the transition type—between animals and angels, bearing the image and living the life of both, at once ! But, be ye patient with each other, and very lenient ; for what we shall be, doth not yet appear ! If man was a temporary being—if his soul at the close of this brief life, should drop into the vast Spirit of God as the shallow brook, which a straw may turn, that goes stumbling and muttering among rocks, babbling at every thing it touches, and is only silenced, at last, by dropping into the shoreless sea—if man had this destiny before him, ultimate annihilation, then I would recommend to all who move in the current of injustice and misery, to purchase no more bread to prolong the tortures of life—buy no more cloth to shield the body from the blasts of Winter. But, hasten the work of utter destruction ! Or, if there existed the least possibility that any member of the human family will be miserable hereafter—that children would, in any possible event, go into everlasting punishment, then would I recommend the Shaker system to all, at least in one respect, viz : abolish all marriages—love no more—bring no more beings into existence—smile no more—hang the heavens in mourning—blot out the twinkling stars—and be ye miserable, even as your fathers and mothers, your sons and daughters, may be miserable in the world to come ! You, who feel this doctrine as truth, should be consistent for ever with it, and when Nature, God's Revelation and Dominion, shows her circling gems of beauty ; shows her mountains piled on mountains ; her imperial rivers ; her landscapes of wild and wondrous beauty—wrought out by an enchanting union of land, water, and sky ; and, not to speak of the heavens, when Nature lets you hear her vocal vallies—her songsters—the music of the curling wave which breaks against the shore—then, if you believe in either annihilation or future misery, close your eyes and deafen your ears, because these joyous truths—these evangels of existence—these beautiful sights and sounds—must only tend to agitate your soul, excite useless hopes, suggest useless desires, and enhance the misery of life ! Before all, Death—real Death—would thrust up his hideous front ! Or, eternal Misery would clank his chains perpetually before the inhabitants of heaven ; and the deadening discord of his sighs would make the angels weep, and drive all music, all joy, all heaven from this beautiful universe !

But, no ! Away with these dismal fables of Oriental religion !—Bring forward the gospel of Nature ; let us live joyously in the Creator's mansion, and read the great volume before us.

What we shall be doth not yet appear ! We are all animal, all human, all angel by turns ; because every thing meets and centres in man.

No man can say : "I am holier than thou." No man can say : "I am more beloved of God than thou"—for every one is, in his own way and state, filling some proper niche in the great scale of being. If man be misdirected and uncontrollable in his present social state, and the author of many wrongs, then we must set ourselves to the work of social improvement, and convert the world to nature's laws. But if thou art bowed down in sorrow, and troubles surround thee, still rejoice—still live on ; take no poison ; for thou art immortal ! Death is but a door leading to another room "in the house not made with hands."

It is the important transition, good for man only, when he has lived out the full term of life allotted to the natural body. In view of what we shall hereafter be, let us rejoice exceedingly with songs of praise in our mouths; let us attune our lives to the key-note of our spiritual convictions.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

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THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

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Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

Professor DAYTON, through the organism of Bro. FORSTER, occupied both afternoon and evening, on Sunday last. The subject of his discourse was: “Man proposes and God disposes.”

The design of the lecturer seemed to be, to show that, although man is left free to act according to the dictates of his own will, God, through his infinitude of angelic agents, so influences human actions, so manages circumstances and so shapes events, that even all the manifestations of moral obliquity, result sooner or later, in ultimate good to the race, and favor the design of the heavenly hosts, to carry man forward in the march of upward progression.

The afternoon portion of the lecture consisted of preliminary gatherings in from the fields of history and science; in which we think he astonished every appreciative mind present, with the vast amount of knowledge which he brought together. The facts of history, bearing on the subject, seemed to lie before his vision, as if they had been collected with the labor of years, and arranged in the order which was necessary to his purpose. Dates, circumstances names of places and of prominent men, all seemed to be presented to his mind, in characters of light, as they became necessary to his elucidations of the subject.

The evening portion was a masterly and grand summing up, digest and application of the whole. Both parts taken together, constituted one of the most able efforts that our greedy ears ever drank in. The afternoon audience was not large, but highly re-

spectable for evidences of intellectuality. The evening audience consisted of those that listened to the commencement of the lecture, and some hundreds of additional ones. The rapt attention with which every one listened, and the amazement which was manifested by the countenances of many, told more emphatically than any other language could, how evident it was to all, that this knowledge, this erudition, this wisdom and this sublime eloquence, were not the production of mortal mind.

The conclusion of the lecture embraced some thrillingly important truths in national politico-moral economy, which should have been heard throughout the whole empire of nominal freedom, of which slavery, physical, intellectual and religious, constitutes the most prominent feature.

Most seriously did we regret—most seriously do we still regret, that all the appreciative minds of Buffalo could not have been present. Those who delight to hear the truths of the Bible defended and substantiated, would have been gratified. Those who thirst for historical and philosophical knowledge, would have been edified. Those who love to listen to the out-pourings of powerful eloquence, would have had their ears and souls delighted. We can almost imagine that REASON, WISDOM and TRUTH stand before the speaker, whilst such discourses are delivered, with their bright and joyous countenances wreathed in smiles of approbation, and their lips parting to give simultaneous utterance to the exclamation: Well done good and faithful representative!

For the Age of Progress.

Toronto, Sept. 11, 1856.

FRIEND ALBRO:

DEAR SIR:—I send you a communication from your departed friend, STEPHEN DUDLEY, which was received a few evenings since, at a friend's house in this city, under the following circumstances:

A few friends had assembled at the house of Mr. SWAIN, when the conversation happened to turn on the subject of S. DUDLEY's appearing to one of his friends in Buffalo. A lady present remarked that she knew it would give her brother (who was a particular intimate friend of Mr. DUDLEY's, while in this sphere,) a great deal of pleasure to read that account. During the evening we formed a circle, when soon Mrs. SWAIN's hand was controlled, and we got the following:

Mrs. SWAIN, I would like the use of your hand for a few minutes.—I have so often heard my dear friend SMITH* speak of you; I have sought you out for the purpose of speaking to him, through you, with your permission.

S. DUDLEY.

SPIRIT LAND.

DEAR FRIEND SMITH:—I have sought out your “old medium,” and through her I wish to give you a “green leaf” from my etherial bower; a memento that I still live, and that the spiritual philosophy is true.

Oh! that I could tell you all that I feel towards you; I will come to you and make you feel my presence.

Your spirit friend, S. DUDLEY.

To H. B. SMITH, Planet Earth.

During the writing of the above, I, unknown to any one present, wrote the following question to “S. D.”:—

“Will you often visit us?” when I got the following through Mrs. SWAIN's hand:—“I will come often; and, with your permission, will manifest myself through you.”

S. DUDLEY.

As not one other than myself knew that I had written the above question, or saw me write it, I take it as conclusive evidence of S. DUDLEY's presence.

I am, sincerely Yours, A.

*H. B. SMITH, of Avon, N. Y.

From the Spiritual Universe.

The Real and the Apparent; or who are Spiritualists?

When the understanding shall fully comprehend in what mediumship consist, as well as the conditions necessary, then may be expected progress in spiritual growth. To believe spirits do communicate, nay, to know, they can and do transmit messages is one thing, while spiritual growth or unfolding is quite another. The first belong to the external to intellectuality, to the knowledge department. The second belongs to the internal, the intuitive, the interconscious, the wisdom department of mind. A. J. Davis has truly shown in the fourth volume of the Great Harmonia, that the first knowledge does not save the person; that the saving department of Spiritualism is with the second. This distinction is both just and true, as every spiritually unfolded mind will bear witness. Persons claiming to be Spiritualists should get this distinction clearly before their mind, and they will doubtless be enabled to discover to which class they belong—the apparents or the reals.—This distinction also clearly demonstrates two classes of those denominated Spiritualists. They may with truth be distinguished by the terms Outer and Inner; external and internal, or the apparents and reals. Thus an individual who has witnessed phenomena, who has received messages, and who has effectually traced effects or phenomena to their causes, may become fully satisfied that all have been from individualized spirits. Such an one is an apparent Spiritualist. He believes he has traced effects to causes, and therefore he knows; but is he a real Spiritualist? All this may be without one particle, so to speak, of interior spiritual interconscious unfoldment. Hence all such Spiritualists truly belong to the apparents, and not to the reals. Nor is the distinction an invidious one, or one of the writer's invention. It has its origin in eternal principles, and its correspondences throughout external nature. All things, forms, or beings, have their outer and their inner, their external and their internal, their apparents and their reals. Thus man's physical body is the apparent, while his inner spirit is the real.—The apparents change, while the reals remain and exist on.

The distinction here made will be apparent to external intellectually enlightened minds, while it will be real to spiritually unfolded minds. To both, this should be very suggestive. The intellectually knowing mind should inquire, first, what have I really gained by my new knowledge in this new field of investigation? Is it the mere exchange of one coat for another, with no more warmth in it? one opinion or belief for another, or one fact for a previous disbelief? True, I have added to my stock of knowledge, but what of that, unless it produces practical or spiritual growth, changes, acts, and deeds? If A. J. Davis is right, knowledge alone does not save. Thus the mind would naturally reason intellectually. (Hence such corruption and vice, and even crime existing among our men of great acquirements or knowledge.) Moral, social, and spiritual purification, come from unfolding or bringing out prominently the inner, the spiritual, the real, by daily spiritual growth, so that it becomes positive to the external and the intellectual, controlling and harmonizing all the three. Such persons become real Spiritualists. They have daily spiritual food, growth and unfoldment. They become mentally and physically harmonious, first with their own triune being, and secondly with those about them. Such are constantly seeking knowledge—for knowledge gathered, controlled and directed by wisdom, (which comes from interior growth and unfoldment,) becomes of vast importance; it is, as it were, a mighty engine against error, as well as an unfolding to man of external natures, phenomena, science, etc. Knowledge forms somewhat the aliment or nourishment upon which the spiritual in man lives, feeds, digests, grows, and receives strength and development. Thus, as has been said in a former paper, "man receives knowledge, and imparts wisdom." But man can never impart wisdom while altogether in the external, in the intellectual, scientific, demonstrative, or knowledge department. In this state he will impart facts, phenomena, demonstrations, science, knowledge; and there he stops of very necessity. This is the department occupied by our seeking, acquiring, fact and demonstration loving minds. They

constitute the investigators, the progressive, the infidels, when judged by a mythological theology. This class are now filling the ranks of Spiritualism. Many of them are as fearful yet of ghosts as ever—of any thing intangible to external sense, and anything not scientifically demonstrable to outward senses. They would not desire to go beyond their old land marks in externalisms and scientific demonstrations, or the tangibilities. Talk to these intellectualities of an inner being as the real, an existence upon which they cannot put the square and rule, or place it in the scales to show its gravity, and they begin to straighten up and say, "Well, I believe something does rap, does move tables, does communicate; but beyond that I think no one can know, because of their intangible character to external senses." Thus intellectuality defines its own limits. But to the interiorly or spiritually unfolded, all these forms are as it were, the threshold; they are, so to speak, the door that opens into the true spiritual temple and apartments, where the spirits of the invisible sphere congregate to commune with those still in the form, or rudimental, or earth sphere. Here it is that they (in the form) absorb, as it were, the light, the knowledge, the wisdom, the harmony of the supernal world, into their own being, and then of their abundance impart to others, as transmitters. Such persons breathe, or inhale, and live on a spiritual atmosphere, all things about them partake of their condition. Such go not to earthly mediums for communications, (as do the apparents) they retire within, and commune directly with the Divinities.

A. UNDERHILL.

Stow, Aug. 5th 1856.

From the Saratoga Republican, September 5th.

Communication from Dr. Hare.

In a recent newspaper it has been published that I made an apology before the American Association for the advancement of Science, for having claimed an opportunity to explain my having become an advocate of Spiritualism, after having published an opposite conviction.—True it is undoubtedly, that I suggested an apology; but it was for the association, not for myself that it was made. The apology was suggested for their refusal to allow me a hearing, not for my request that a hearing should be granted.

In support of my claim to be heard, I urged that if the sounds and movements of which the occurrence had been suggested by numberless unimpeachable witnesses, were not, as by them inferred, due to the spirits of departed mortals; they would be due to some physical causes, and consequently would fall within the field of physical investigation, legitimately belonging to the Association. Hence, without admitting the explanation of spiritualists to be true, the association could not fairly refuse the desired hearing. My much esteemed friend Professor Pierce, sought to escape from this dilemma by urging that if the phenomena were due to spirits, it did not belong to the meeting to consider them, and that if the opposite were true, they must originate in deception, and therefore could not deserve the desired consideration.

Being myself one of those through whom the phenomena in question had been produced and attested, subsequent to the session I asked Prof. Pierce whether he intended to impute deception to me. In reply he said, that he had not denied that the phenomena were due to spirits. It is therefore to be inferred, that this eminent astronomer actually concurs with me in opinion as to the origin of the phenomena.

But if the spirit manifestations, so called, although attested by witnesses more numerous and better known than those by which any miraculous facts ever were before attested, are to be ascribed to deception or delusion, how are any of those on which any existing religion reposes for its truth, to be held freer from the same defects.

Moreover, if due to deception, is it less the duty of men of science to trace it to this source? Can it be right that those who are by their intellectual ability and attainments pre-eminently competent to investigation, should not exert their powers to expose the deceit.

But even when traced to spirits, if valuable suggestions should be made by spirits, should men of science neglect those suggestions in-

stead of "trying all, and holding fast that which is good?" Pursuant to the premises, I insisted the real motive for the refusal of my request was not brought forward, which was expediency. A motive analogous to that which had led me during 30 years in which I occupied the professorship of chemistry to avoid any expression to my class of my religious opinions which might conflict with the opinions of those with whom I was associated, and with which it was my duty to harmonize and not to render unpopular.

'Every man of science is the "born thral" of the existing theology. Being in this thralldom, they dare not countenance facts which may furnish a bulwark to overthrow the theological fortress under whose ordinance they exist. When a highly accomplished candidate may be refused a chair on account of his disbelief in the Trinitarian mystery, it could not but be dangerous for any dependant on theologian institutions to admit of any way to the celestial regions preferable to that so painfully exemplified in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

There has been a time when religion repressed science; and it would seem that at the present era science is to revenge itself by repressing religious truths, by sanctioning indirectly the alleged manifestations of antiquity, while deriding those of the present time; believing on miracles told by no one knows who, yet denying the allegations of eye-witnesses known to be truthful; while straining at spiritual gnats, swallowing scriptural camels.

ROBERT HARE.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Sept. 3d, 1856.

Lapland Love-Making.

When a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume new responsibilities, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents, relatives and friends meet in as great numbers as possible, to treat the friends of the bride desired. Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should. Beside the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth-cousins, who must attend, there is a still greater number of outsiders, who are attracted by curiosity to see whether anybody gets the mitten. The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating. On the side of the gallant there is a spokesman called *Sognonaive*. Brandy flask in hand, he goes over to the other party and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady. There is a signal for an indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends.—Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is borne away in grateful memory. When all are sufficiently elated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose. Her parents ask to see the *kileh*, the wooing presents. If they are accepted, the matter is settled, and there is nothing more but to go next day to the parson to get them published. Most matches are made at the fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed "courting with brandy" is a proverb among the Laplanders, which is equivalent to the French *comme il faut*. When the lady is rich and the suitor is not, he very often throws his brandy away. The influence of riches in matrimonial services is no where felt more strongly than here; dress counts for nothing; one sheepskin is as another. Rank is determined only by the number of reindeer a man owns. Practically, marriage here is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver they pay for their brides must not be in the shape of rix dollars, it must be made up into ornaments. This is better than nothing. If a marriage is broken off, the party who take a divorce generally returns the bridal present, and the more conscientious add a gift for the wasted brandy. So, too, when the parents say "no," many are so generous as to pay for the brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrelling before the answer is agreed upon; and some management is required, often times, to make it favorable.

Pastor Ejellstrom tells of a wedding in Jockmock, in which he was interested as the wooer. Several attempts had been made in vain before he was engaged as spokesman. An old woman overwhelmed everything and offended everybody with her opposition to the match.—When he came in she yelled out: "No, no, it shan't be; not even if the flesh-eater's son comes, he shan't have her!" Ejellstrom, then a student, saw that nothing could be done so long as this old harpy was around, and whispered to a magistrate, who was also enlisted on the same side, to get the woman out of the way some how or other.—Soon she found herself in the street; she growled about the door like a gad-fly in an empty barrel; rattled and slammed, shrieked and swore, but could not get in, as the magistrate held the door. Ejellstrom had brought better brandy; his father was the parson, he spoke better and offered a few more presents. When they were ready to go to the parson's the door was opened, and the old hag dashed in; but she was too late.

The importance of having an influential spokesman can hardly be over-estimated. They are often paid for their services. An odd affair came off in Arieplong at the last fair. An old widower, bearing the euphonious name of Styx, was struck with the crazy idea—so all his country people thought it—of making advances to the widow of a foreigner, who held her head above everybody else in the village, as her husband had been district magistrate. Styx, who saw that the matter would be one of great difficulty, as well as delicacy, went to the richest man in the village, and begged him to be his spokesman. He thought that his age and standing would have their influence, and offered him, in case of success, a brass-kettle, which, like Homer's heroes, he described. They could not agree, however; the desired spokesman wanted the kettle at any rate, while Styx would only give it to him if he succeeded. The whole party was remarkable; Styx was seventy years old—his Dulcinea sixty, and the spokesman over eighty.—Although Styx could not make the brass-kettle bargain, he kept up his courage, and resolved to do as well as he could in person. He went to her and said: "You have cows, I have reindeer—look at me; I am just like your first husband," and more of the same sort. The whole thing seemed so comic to the proud Sigrid Stozada, that far from getting angry at the poor fellow's advances, she began to talk with him, and kept him as long as possible in suspense as to his fate. His efforts and anxiety continually rose in ridiculousness, until at last dinner time came, and he got a shameful mitten.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Royal Gardening.

Gardening has frequently been one of the most exhilarating recreations of royalty. When Lysander, the Lacedemonian general brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the young son of Darius, who piqued himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of fruits planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers exhaling odors universally throughout the delightful scene. "Every thing charms and transports me in this place," said Lysander to Cyrus; "but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste and elegant industry of the person who drew the plan of these gardens, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition and happiness of arrangement which I cannot sufficiently admire." Cyrus replied: "It was I that drew the plan, and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands."

"What!" exclaimed Lysander with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot—"Is it possible that with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered—is it possible you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?"

"Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus. "I assure you that, when my health permits, I never sit down to the table without having fatigued myself either in military exercise, rural labor, or some toilsome employments to which I apply myself with pleasure." Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand and said—"You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue."—*Spirit of the Times*.

Who can explain this?

A gentleman of this city was on a visit a few days ago to Cincinnati. He intended to start home on Saturday, but was left by the cars, and consequently could not expect to arrive here until Monday evening.—He felt uneasy, supposing his family, who expected him on Saturday, would of course feel disturbed about his protracted stay.

Under this state of feeling he went to one of his friends in the city, and there met a Spiritualist from the State of New York. He told this Spiritualist that there was a medium in this city, and he desired that information should be communicated through her to his family, "that he was unexpectedly detained, and would not be home until Monday." The Spiritualist consented, and in a few moments said the communication had been sent.

The strangest part of this is yet to be told. In a short time after this communication had been sent from Cincinnati, the medium in this city went to the family of the absent person, and communicated to them precisely what was told to the Spiritualist in Cincinnati.

Now how is this? Here a communication was transmitted from Cincinnati to Terre Haute in a few moments, and by what means?—Who can answer this?

We give the above facts, and would not publish them were they not supported by undoubted evidence. We are prepared to give the names of individuals living in this city, whose veracity cannot be questioned in regard to the above.—*Terre Haute Express*.

From the Spiritual Messenger.

The Peach.—An Allegory.

A pampered child of wealth had been feasting upon a delicious peach: the luscious sweetness gratified his palate, and carelessly throwing down the pit he lamented that the gratification which the good things of this life are capable of giving, should be so evanescent: alas that these delicacies should be only capable of giving a momentary gratification!

The pit, inclosed within its hard, brown shell, fell upon the earth, bereft of its outer garment of beauty, apparently a worthless thing, neglected and forlorn: its very heart withered in the intense rays of the sun; so helpless, so exposed, that not even the protecting shield of its hard, brown shell could save it. Day by day it withered, and it seemed as if it must soon decompose, and mingle with the earth: closely and more closely the protecting shell embraced it, strong to the last in the fidelity of love. Further and deeper into the yielding mould were they both pressed by the tread of the passer-by, and as it sank deeper it seemed as if all vitality had become crushed; but where in all nature will love and fidelity, bestowed even upon the insignificant, fail to produce an effect? Quietly upon the shielding bosom of the protecting shell, the pit awaited its destiny; and when all beauty and force seemed well nigh spent, buried in the obscurity of the damp ground, a ray from the eternal fountain of life was sent, and with its vivifying power, behold the wonderful result. The loving tenderness of its protector was manifested by its releasing grasp, as the power to emerge from obscurity was received: and deeper still in the dark, gross earth were sent out many strong roots, and upward in swelling beauty the folded leaf-bud, proclaiming as each put forth—love has protected me in my helplessness, and now, with all the new-born energies which are hourly invigorating my wasted being, shall continual accession of strength and beauty repay all past care.

As the gently distilling dew, the summer shower, and the life-giving

sun performed their work, behold unfolding such rich display of branches, stems and leaves as would seem to bear no analogy to the buried pit. High and higher still they grow, still reaching forth, and still receiving greater and greater degrees of strength and refinement; and although obedient to nature's mandate, several times were the scathed branches bereft of every trembling leaf, and told to the sough of the winter wind their desolation, yet the reflection that her present elevation from the helplessness of her former condition, she owed to the protection of love, she kept open her pores, through which were to flow those forces which were to cause still greater elevation, and still increased beauty. So one fine Spring morning almost simultaneously with her unfolding leaves, appeared numerous flower buds. Her aspiration for the beautiful appeared to have drawn from the glowing East the peculiar crimson of the clouds just as it merges into scarlet, and gradually shades off into pink, at sun-rise: and as the petals of the flowers unfolded, so refined were the materials which that homely and insignificant pit in its progression had attracted to itself, that all around was dispensed an aroma which delighted all who came within her influence. The summer sun gently kissed this profusion of beauty, and the gentle west wind fanned invigoratingly, when his ardent gaze became oppressive; and occasionally a passing cloud lent its shade, when there was danger of faintness.

As the summer wore on, obedient to the immutable law of progression, this delicate and rich display of forces gathered from the floral kingdom, merged into still another form, giving promise of more substantial good; and still the tree, in order to sustain the increased weight, forced her roots deeper and more firmly into the yielding mould; and through all the changes, from the embryo and scarcely commenced form to the full, round and delicious peach, whose cheek was tinged with "love's own celestial, rosy red," and whose wealth of delicacy, so gratifying to the palate, surrounding in its turn its pit and its protecting shell, firm and steadfast it stood, protecting as best it could its numerous progeny with its fresh green leaves; and when the winter winds shall lay all this beauty for a season prostrate, well does she know that it is but the passage to higher life, leaving demonstrations by the way of the power of love and protection in the numerous springing trees which her wealth of fruit has planted.

FRANCIS E. HYER.

San Antonio, August 8th, 1856.

Genius and Misfortune.

What tragedies can be read in the history of literature, deeper than Macbeth, more moving than Lear? Milton, old, poor and blind, selling *Paradise Lost* for five pounds. Dryden beaten by ruffians at the prompting of a worthless peer, who, in Pluto's commonwealth, would have been changing the poet's plate. Tasso, a creature as delicately moulded as if, like the Peris, he had fed upon nothing grosser than the breath of flowers, wearing out the best years of his life in the gloom of a dungeon. Racine hurried to his grave by the rebuke of a heartless king. Chatterton, at midnight, homeless and hungry, bathing the unpyting stones of London with the hot tears of anguish and despair. Johnson, at the age of thirty-six, dining behind a screen at the house of Cave, because he was too shabbily dressed to appear at the table. Burns took from the plough, which he had "followed in glory and in joy upon the mountain side, to guage ale firkins and watch for contraband tobacco.

The false position in which men of genius so often find themselves placed, in relation to their age, and the painful and protracted efforts they must make in order to gain a true one, have given to modern literature some of its prominent characteristics. Hence that half unconscious sympathy which poets feel with characters like Robin Hood, Rob Roy, and Charles de Moor, embody a protest against their times; who mean, like Jack Cade, "to dress the commonwealth and turn it and set a new nap upon it;" who presume—to borrow a daring expression of Schiller's—to grind down the gaps in the sword of Almighty justice. Hence much of that dreary melancholy, which overshadowed

the mind of the stout-hearted and pious Johnson, whose sombre hue darkens the pages of his Rambler and Rasselas, and is concentrated in that celebrated couplet, in which the words seem to fall like drops of blood from a lacerated heart :

"But ah ! what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toll, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

To this source we may trace, in part, that personal element which glows so intensely in the lyric poetry of Schiller, and even sicklies o'er his otherwise admirable dramas. This, too, gave something of their depth and steruness to the powerful pictures of Crabbe. Hence that numerous tribe of poets and poetasters, who, of late years, have so filled the groves of Parnassus with their melancholy notes, as sad, if not as sweet as those of the nightingale, whose young affections are ever running to waste, upon whose withered hearts the dew of hope can never fall, and who are ever longing to be a breeze, a cloud, a sound ; something that shall not have nerves to feel and a heart to ache.

From "The Healing of the Nations."

Truths worth Treasuring.

"The highest of all attainments is to know God.

"This is alone his own privilege.

"The second great attainment is to know thyself, and thy connection with thy Father

"To know thyself thou must use His wisdom, for to comprehend requireth superiority.

"The third great attainment and second great privilege is to know and comprehend thy Father's creation.

"O, strive, through thy Father's aid, to know thyself. Strive to comprehend thy Spiritual privileges. Fear not to ask for aid, wherein thou must have it ere thou dost take the first true step.

"If thou dost know that which thou art using, then canst thou succeed; if not, failure is inevitable.

"Thus thou seest that a sense of want leadeth unto that which giveth true knowledge, even the favor of God.

"Be humble, and thou canst sink deep; be exalted with pride, and thou canst not get below the surface.

"Be simple and honest, true and good, and all will be well.

"If he thus begin, he cannot fall from that which he attaineth, for all below him is the eternal truth of God.

"He can only fall by a blind dependence upon himself.

"If he lean not upon God, whose is all strength, he becomes weakened and falls. He is leaning upon that which God's attributes are continually changing, and he must be as fickle as the staff upon which he leans.

"The first step in error is a falling off from the truth obtained. All falling is comparative. All being different, if they err they fall as their own scale is graded.

"The light within regulates all in connection with the spirit in which it is placed.

"If God and Truth are high, error and ignorance are low; and as the spirit of man favors the one he rises, or the other he falls.

"The greatest fall of man is sinning against the light of God placed within his own spirit.

"To sin against, is to knowingly violate.

"If a man know of a truth that which his Father requireth, yet, of himself goeth directly opposite thereto, great is the fall of that man.

"God doth not change, neither can he know wrath, and man's individuality alone must carry the burden of his transgression.

"Being a child of God, the perfected and constant companion of God, it is a fearful thing to knowingly cast censure in action upon the kind One who in purest love, bestowed the power which is thus perverted!

"To have thy high position in the heavens, thou must on earth have the essence of light and darkness within thee.

"To rule, thou must comprehend what thou art ruling.

"Thou canst not comprehend that which thou hast not felt and known of thyself.

"To rule over chaos, thou must have chaotic powers represented within thyself. Hence the body which belongeth unto the denser creation must and doth have powers separate and distinct from the light or spirit within.

"These are placed within thee for thy government upon earth; and as thou dost govern the essences within, so in the future shalt thou govern the effects, or bodies and worlds without.

"Thus thou seest, that being in the image of God hath deep meaning.

"He createth all and knoweth all; and if thou wouldst learn of that which must elevate thee in His sight and in His light, ask and thou wilt receive.

"Thou knowest that light removeth darkness; and if thou encourage the dark powers, thou must be removed far from thy Father and thy high place in heaven.

"Thou art to overcome darkness as thy Father in his creation, and thus prove thyself to be indeed a worthy child.

"Thy Father will not trust thee to rule others if thou canst not perfectly rule thyself; and he sees thee as thou art. Thou mayest deceive and blind thy silly brother by professions, but unto God thou art visible and naked."

Paramount Importance of Cedars.

When the propriety of listening to Dr. Hare's facts and expositions of Spiritualism was under discussion before the late Scientific Convention, the whole matter was abruptly set aside by an important speech from Prof. Dewey about "the celebrated Cedars of California," and [we quote from the report] his "motion to appoint Prof. Henry as a Committee to correspond with the Government of California, or that of the United States, and request that such steps be taken as will save those magnificent specimens of the power of nature, which motion was agreed to unanimously."

Oh ye "celebrated Cedars of California!" wave gracefully in the morning and the evening breezes; bow your lofty heads as a sign of your superiority, and in acknowledgement of the honor conferred upon ye by the American savans. But as for you, O Spirits of all ages and countries, who were waved out of sight by Prof. Dewey's motion, if you please hide your diminished heads in any convenient place.—Appear no more—even through your mortal and "most venerable" representative—before "the American Association for the advancement of Science;" at least, not until the United States has had time to take the necessary steps for the salvation of those great cedars!—*Spiritual Telegraph.*

—It is a sign of great vanity, rather than good sense, to be fond of talking much; the more ingenious hear, and give fools leave to prattle. People of little brain have naturally a great deal of tongue.

To Our Patrons.

We deem it proper to notify those of our subscribers who have paid for the present volume, and nothing beyond, that their subscriptions will have run out when they receive **WHOLE NUMBER 104**, which closes the second volume. We give this notice, thus early, that they may renew their subscriptions before that number is issued, which will be on the 4th day of October next. We have no friends to spare, and should be sorry if we should have to drop any, for want of promptness.

TAKE NOTICE.

That we, the proprietors of this paper, have appointed S. J. FINNEY, Esq., our agent, to receive subscriptions and subscription fees, and to use the name of our firm in receipting the same.

MURRAY & BAKER.

From Life Illustrated.

Religious Intolerance.

"This iron bedstead they do fetch,
To try our hopes upon;
If we're too short we must be stretched,
Cut off if we're too long."

True, we are not stretched upon the rack, nor burnt at the stake, but we verily believe there is about as much persecution for conscience sake now as in centuries past. The form has changed while the spirit remains the same.

Everybody has a bedstead, if he is too poor to have anything else, on which to place his friends; and was betide if they are too short too long, unless they are possessed of the tortoise faculty of contraction and expansion, according to circumstances.

Everybody's bedstead is of exactly the right dimensions, because he constructed it by the Bible; therefore, all who do not agree in religious opinions with Everybody are "Infidels, Covenanters," and the like. As if no one but Mr. Everybody was capable of ascertaining the true meaning of the Bible.

The Rev. Mr. Fearless, a few years ago, began to read the Bible for himself, and before long he formed some new opinions and renounced some old ones. As soon as this, his heresy, began to be whispered about in the church, he was bound hand and foot and cast into the Procrustean bed. His quondam brethren pulled, and tugged, and stretched, till they were quite tired out; but alas! the conscience of Mr. Fearless was not elastic enough to suit their purpose. Then began the trimming process. His views were too broad, his sentiments were too liberal; he did not make them wicked enough, especially the babies; for he even went so far as to say he did not think them accountable for the sin of Adam! Then he made God a great deal too good. So they hacked and hewed and chipped away till the edges of all their knives were turned, for Mr. Fearless' principles were made of "uncommon hard" stuff. Finally, becoming tired of trying to soften the conscience by flagellation, they concluded to abandon the enterprise, to "scourge him and let him go!" But this must not be done without some manifestation to the world, that they set their faces like a flint against such wickedness. So the big gun ecclesiastic was loaded, enough powder put in to make an explosion suited to the criminality of the case, a forked anathema hurled at his head, and Mr. Fearless was forbidden to preach the gospel of peace and good will to man.

And why? Just because he didn't suit their bedstead. What right had Mr. Fearless to embrace and teach doctrines not found in their church; not sanctioned by his "ministerial brethren?"

What right had he to believe *truth*, if it chanced to be a truth not contained in the Bible; or supposed by them not to be there?

Now, in the name of Christianity and brotherly love, in the name of justice and common sense, we beg to know if one truth is not as true as another? and we ask why Mr. Fearless is not entitled to an honorable *dismissal* from the church to which he belongs, if his religious views have so changed that he cannot remain connected with it without violating his conscience? If Mr. Fearless moves to another town from pecuniary motives, he can obtain a dismissal and recommendation from the church; but if he desires to be true to himself and his God, and sees his line of duty not parallel to their articles of faith, then he forfeits all right to an honorable dismissal!

But Mr. Fearless is a good man; Everybody admits that. Mr. Fearless no doubt is sincere in his religious views. The world's people say they believe if any body goes to heaven Mr. Fearless will. He has ever lived an honest, upright, moral life, confessed his sins to God and prayed for forgiveness, appears to love God and his neighbor as himself, and is happy here and expects to be more happy hereafter. What, then, is the matter? Of what crime is Mr. Fearless guilty? Why he is not sound in doctrine! He has been measured by the bedstead of the church, and did not fit! Perhaps he believes that the spirits of the dead have power to speak to the living; perhaps that when the body

dies the soul dies also, and lives not again till the resurrection; perhaps that the world will come to an end in ten years; perhaps not till ten thousand, or never. Or it may be he believes there is only one God, and Jesus Christ was his son; that the wicked will finally be annihilated; that all mankind will be saved; that all, but a few elect, will be lost. In fine, it matters not *what* he believes, one belief will guillotine as quickly as another, if it chances to differ from the creed of the church to which he belongs.

These things ought not so to be. If an individual's views do not agree with his church, let him no longer remain a member of that body, but let him come out honorably, not with their curses on his head because he honestly differs with them in opinion. Not till he is guilty of some immoral act, has the church a right to *exclude*. We would recommend charity and forgiveness, as Christian virtues which the church would do well to strengthen by a little more practice.

TOPSY.

The Drunkard's Bible.

"Mr. President," said a short stout man, with a good humored countenance, and a florid complexion, rising as the last speaker took his seat,—"I have been a tavern keeper."

At this announcement there was a movement through the whole room, and an expression of increased interest.

"Yes, Mr. President," he went on, "I have been a tavern keeper, and many a glass have I sold to you and the Secretary there, and to dozens of others that I see here" glancing around upon the company.

"That's a fact," broke in the President, "many a gin toddy and brandy punch have I taken at your bar. But times have changed now, and we have begun to carry the war right into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the rum-seller's bravest generals! But go on, friend W——, let us have your experience."

"As to my experience, Mr. President," the ex-tavern-keeper resumed, "in rum selling and rum drinking—for I have done a good deal of both in my day—that would be rather too long a story to tell to-night, and one that I had much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart, whenever I look back on the evil I have done. I therefore usually look ahead with the hope of doing some good to my fellow men."

But there is one incident which I will relate. For the last five years a hard working mechanic, with a wife and several small children, came regularly, almost every night, and spent the evening in my bar room. He came to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot—working scarcely one fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing to support herself and children, while he spent his time and the little he could earn at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that his week's earnings were usually all gone by Tuesday or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came. The score gradually increased, until it amounted to three or four dollars, over his regular Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor until it was settled. On the day after I refused to sell him, he came in with a neat mourning breast pin, enclosing hair—no doubt, I thought—of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment of what he owed. I accepted it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think or care about the question whether he was the owner or not: I wanted my own, and did not hesitate to take a little more than my own.

"I laid my breast pin away, and all things went on smoothly for a while. But he gradually got behind again, and again I cut off the supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass andirons, and a pair of brass candlesticks. I took them and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought me a large family Bible, and I took that too—thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for something."

"On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to do—for I used to shut up my bar on Sunday, thinking it was not *respectable* to sell liquor on that day—I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place that I turned to was the family record. There it was stated that on a certain day he was married to Emily——. I had known Emily when a young man very well, and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and suddenly seemed to hear the tone of her merry laughter.

"'Poor creature!' I sighed involuntarily as a thought of her present condition crossed my mind—and then with no pleasing feeling I turned over the next leaf. There was the records of the birth of four children; the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

"I never had such a strange feeling as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book. But I tried to stifle my feelings, and I turned over several leaves quickly. I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page; these words arrested my attention:

"'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.'

"This was just the subject that, under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read—

"'Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder!'

"I felt like throwing the book from me. But once more I turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words:

"'Woe unto him who giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken.'

"I closed the book suddenly, and then threw it down. Then for half an hour I paced the room backwards and forwards in a state of mind such as I never before experienced. I had become painfully conscious of the direful evils resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious, that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell how much I suffered during the day and night, nor describe the fearful conflict that took place in my mind between the selfish love of the gains of my calling, and the plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about nine o'clock, I think, on that evening, that I opened the drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I might find something to direct me. I opened at the Psalms and read two or three chapters. As I read on without finding any thing that seemed to apply directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow men. After I had read the Bible, I retired to my bed but could not sleep. I am sure that during that night I thought of every drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all their beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long lot of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children in rags. And a loud voice said, 'who hath done this?'

"The answer, in a still louder voice, directed, I felt, to me, smote upon my ear like a peal of thunder—

"'Thou art the man!'

"From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided was—

"'Shall I open my tavern, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?'

"Happily I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spigot of every keg, of every barrel of spirits, wine, beer or cider, and let the contents escape on the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I came and signed your total abstinence pledge, and what is better, never rested until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been of so much use to me, to sign the pledge likewise. And now, Mr. President, I am keeping, at my old stand, a Temperance Grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least half a dozen families that

my tavern helped to make poor and wretched, to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar, for liquor. Four of my oldest and best customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man that I helped to ruin, is restored to himself, his family, and society."

A round of hearty applause followed his address, and then another of the reformed drinkers took the floor.

From the Putnam County Courier.

Guardian Spirits.

BY FRANCIS A. SEYMOUR.

Are ye round us hovering ever,
Blessed spirits of the dead?
Hath noth death the power to sever
Mind from mind when life hath fled?

Inhabit ye this place æriel,
Viewless, shadowy as the air;
Still becoming more ethereal •
While ye hold your dwellings there?

Look ye down with eye-beams lighted,
With the love ye felt while here!
Or for human hearts benighted,
Gush they o'er with pity's tear?

Spirits blessed, doth our errings
Cause your sinless band to weep?
Smile ye, when deep, holy stirrings
Through the inmost bosom sweep.

When the busy day is over,
Hushed in quietude and rest;
And the lingering twilight hover
O'er the river's placid breast;

And the thoughts which in life's warfare
Tossed like tempests in their power,
Now is stilled—forsaking all care—
Yieldeth to the enchanted hour.

Matter, then, is all submerged
Beneath the mind's triumphant sway,
Soul, etherealized, is urged
Swiftly to progressive day.

Come they, then, those spirits blessed;
Departed not, yet veiled from view;
They whom we in flesh caressed,
In spirit yet remaining true.

Wondrous things they whispering tell,
With their noiseless lips of air;
And the mystic charms dispel
Many a heart-corroding care.

One there is who aye doth hover
When my better moments reign;
One there is, my spirit lover,
Smiling, comes to me again.

Sweet the presage which it bringeth
Of a brighter, happier shore,
Where no pain or sorrow stingeth
With their death-fangs evermore.

SEWERS! SEWERS!!

THE public are respectfully informed that the subscriber is prepared to construct sewers at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. A line addressed to him through the post office—box 2409—will meet with immediate attention. Ap. 5. tf 26

A. WEBSTER.